

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord *Mortimer*, and coosin *Glendower*, wil you sit downe,  
And vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

*Glen.* No, heere it is; sit coosin *Percy*, sit good coosin *Hotspur*,  
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his  
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in  
Heauen.

*Hot.* And you in Hell, as oft as hee heares *Owen Glendower*  
spoke of.

*Glen.* I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,  
The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes,  
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,  
The frame and foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hot.* Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had neuer beene  
borne.

*Glen.* I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hot.* And I say, the Earth was not of my minde,  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glen.* The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire  
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,  
Is with a kinde of Collicke pincht and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde  
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,  
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe  
Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth  
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Coosin, of many men  
I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,  
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
The Goats ranne from the Mountaines; and the Heardes  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened Fields,

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,  
And all the courses of my life doe shew,  
I am not in the roll of common men:  
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,  
That chides the Banks of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,  
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me,  
And bring him out that is but Womans sonne,  
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,  
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

*Hot.* I thinke there's no man speaks better *Welsh*,  
Ile to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coosen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glen.* Why, I can teach thee coosen, to command the Diuell.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee coosen to shame the Diuell,  
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

*Mor.* Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

*Glen.* Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head

Against my power, thrice from the bankes of *Wye*,

And Sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* haue I sent him

Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

*Hot.* Home without Bootes, and in foule weather too?

How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

*Glen.* Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide our right,

According to our threefold order tane?

*Mor.* The Arch-deacon hath deuided it

Into three limits, very equally:

*England* from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assignde,

All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound

To *Owen Glendower*: and deare coose, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

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And